

SONGS, DUETTS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN

A DAY AT ROME,

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Charles Smith

THE MUSIC BY MR. ATTWOOD.



London:

SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

1798.

[Price Sixpence.]

Harding D2042



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir Timothy Hopkins	- - -	<i>Mr. Munden</i>
Rivers	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Incledon</i>
Pisani	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Fawcett</i>
Mac Rusty	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Townsend</i>
Gioachino	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>

W O M E N.

Lady Hopkins	- - - - -	<i>Mrs. Davenport</i>
Juliana	- - - - -	<i>Mrs. Mountain</i> <i>Miss M.</i>
Mrs. Blarney	- - - - -	<i>Mrs. Clonding.</i> <i>Mrs. M.</i>

1772
Ch. 10

SONGS, DUETTS, CHORUSSES, &c.

A C T I.

SONG.—*Mrs. Blarney and Pisani.*

I.

Pis. **T**O cure her of ev'ry disease,
 She'll find me a Doctor quite pat:
No fear but she soon will have ease
 When I give my advice, *and all that.*

II.

Mrs. B. Take heed how you manage your schemes;
 If the old ones should once smell a rat,
Farewell to your fine golden dreams,
 You'll be banish'd, and whipt, *and*
 all that.

III.

Pis. Ah! wherefore suggest such a thought?
 It renders my spirits quite flat;
How hard is the poor wretch's lot,
 To hang, or to wed, *and all that!*

SONG.

SONG.—*Pisani.*

I.

When first for battle we prepare,
 The foot drawn up here, and the cavalry there,
 A silence deep,
 As if all were asleep,
 Reigns through the field.
 Like to statues the soldiers stand,
 Ev'ry man with his gun in his hand,
 Ev'ry man in his place ;
 And though nobody's kill'd,
 Yet there's death in ev'ry face.

II.

But when the trumpets begin to sound,
 The drums to beat, and the fifes to play,
 The horses all snort and paw the ground,
 And ev'ry heart sends fear far away.
 Each man is eager
 To draw his trigger;
 Furiously on the horsemen drive ;
 The cannon-balls cheerly sing over head,
 The muskets pop,
 The soldiers drop,
 And now that the ground's half cover'd with dead,
 We begin to be all alive.

The

III.

The coward, whose heart at first fail'd him the most,
When he sees the blood running, stands firm at his
post;

Grown fierce as a bull-dog, and scorning to fly,
He cries to his comrades, "We'll conquer or die!"

Though cover'd with stains
Of sweat, blood, and brains,
And smear'd with gunpowder,
Still louder and louder

He roars out, "We'll conquer or die!"
Then on the ground as the wounded lie,
Each to Heaven turns up his eye
In a woful way!

And rogues, who before
Only cursed and swore,
Now do nothing but whimper and pray.

IV.

Their praying and moaning,
Their whining and groaning,
The squeaking of trumpets and rattling of drums,
The roaring of cannon, and bursting of bombs,
Make as merry a concert as heart can desire;
While the Captains so bluff,
Cry, "Boys, stick to their stuff,
Make ready!—present!—fire!
Make ready!—present!—fire!"

SONG.

SONG.—*M' Rusty.*

I.

When first I left home
 For the city of Rome,
 My means, I must own, were but scanty;
 I liv'd upon tick,
 Till I found out the trick
 Of fleecing the rich dilletanti:
 By vending seals, rings,
 And such other odd things,
 To the ignorant and the unwary;
 By giving strange strictures
 On statues and pictures,
 I became a far-fam'd antiquary.

II.

Your gamesters may boast
 Of large sums won and lost
 At Faro, at Hazard, and E. O.;
 I get greater gains
 With much less risk and pains,
 By an *intaglio*, or *cameo*.—
 Should some virtuoso
 Find out they're but so, so,
 That my antiques are modern, what care I!
 Fresh dupes of my art
 Flock from each foreign part,
 To be gull'd by the fam'd antiquary.

The

SONG.—*Juliana.*

The faithful flow'r that courts the sun,
 Turns to him till his race is run;
 Then, sadly drooping in despair,
 From ev'ry leaf distils a tear.

The lover so, when far from home
 And her he loves, compell'd to roam,
 Turns to the land that holds the fair;
 His heart, his hope, his heav'n is there.

But if, by Fate's relentless spite,
 From her and home he's banish'd quite;
 If he can hope to see no more
 The brilliant form his eyes adore,

To grief and to regret a prey,
 The wretch in tears consumes away;
 Nor, like the fickle, can he find
 That absence cures a love-sick mind,

SONG.—*Rivers.*

The pledge you gave on that blest day,
 When first your love you blushing told;
 I've neither chang'd nor cast away,
 Nor basely barter'd it for gold:
 Nor sparkling gems, nor sparkling eyes,
 Could tempt me to forego my prize.

No, to my bosom, next my heart
 Your heart in safety I convey'd;
 And there, through change of time and space,
 The dear—the welcome guest has stay'd:
 Till now so close the union's grown,
 I cannot tell which is my own.

SONG.—*Sir Timothy.*

I.

On our return to London town,
 My brother alderman must own,
 When our collection he shall see,
 That we have taste as well as he.
 Lord! how the neighbours all will stare,
 To see our foreign dress and air!
 To hear us, 'stead of *How d'ye do?*
 Cry, *Come sta?* and *parlez vous?*

I

When plac'd at corporation-feast,
 I'll praise that most which I like least;
 Treat beef and port with great disdain,
 Extol French cooking and Champaign:
 Yet, spite of all this mighty boast,
 Be glad to taste old England's roast;
 Rejoice to find myself again
 Imported neat in *Philpot-lane*.

SONG.

SONG.—*Lady Hopkins.*

Shepherds, I have lost my spouse,
 He's left me to my sorrow;
 Pride of ev'ry porter-house
 In London and the Borough.

Whither, ah! whither is he gone
 And left his *Marg'ry* moping?
 The shepherds answer to my moan,—
 “ To Chelsea a swan-hopping.”

FINALE.—*Quintetto.*

Jul. Behold the table's ample stores,
 All duly rang'd—

Mac R. A welcome sight.
 Methinks I feel an appetite:
 I ne'er refuse when friends invite.

Pis. I'd almost eat as soon as fight.

Omnes. Mercy upon us! how soon he snores!

Lady H. Dinner's grateful steams allure thee!
 By the attractions I adjure thee
 Of roast and boil'd, of pye and cake;
 Awake, my dear! awake! awake!

Jul. Awake, papa! awake! awake!

Sir T. Eh! what d'ye say? What says my Lady?

Lady H. Say! why I say the dinner's ready.

Sir T. Is dinner ready?

Lady H. and Jul. Dinner's ready.

(*Omnes repeating*) Dinner's ready.

ACT II.

SONG.—*Mrs. Blarney.*

Of all the lads in Lim'rick town;
Sure none was e'er like Teddy;
His face was fair, his locks were brown,
His wit was always ready.
No lass that Teddy ever saw,
But he her heart was *stealing*;
How could she help herself now?—Gra!
—His ways were so prevailing.

The first was Norah, frank and free,
She heard his suit with smiling;
And Teddy seem'd as frank as she;
But it was all beguiling.
When in his arms the lass he prest,
Her lips with kisses *sealing*,
No longer Norah could resist—
His ways were so prevailing.

The next was Judy of the vale,
Who cold indiff'rence feigning,
When Teddy told his tender tale,
Ask'd him what was his *meaning*?
But Teddy only press'd more nigh,
Undaunted by her railing,
Until he made the nymph comply—
His ways were so prevailing.

SONG.—*Juliana.*

I.

To seek gold and danger when Henry left home,
My days were as gloomy as night :
But since from abroad my dear Henry is come,
All around me is cheerful and bright.

II.

He's come, and the pleasures flow on in full tide !
He's come, and away flies old Care :
No more the grim spectre shall lie by my side,
Nor horrible hang o'er my chair.

SONG.—*Rivers.*

I.

From thy bosom banish fear ;
Dread no harm while I am near,
Upon this arm relying :
The wretch who dares with touch profane
Thy pure, thy matchless charms to stain,
By Heav'n is sure of dying.

II.

Then calm, my love, thy troubled mind :
In me thou shalt a guardian find ;
For 'tis the charter of the brave
From peril still the sex to save ;
Our brightest glory,—dearest care,
To cherish and protect the fair.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE DUO.—*Pisani and Juliana.*

P. Come, come, my dear Miss, be complying and good.

J. I hope, good Signor, you don't mean to be rude.

P. Not rude, Signorina, my wish is to woo
With spirit and warmth, as a soldier should do.

J. That I'm no easy conquest you'll presently see ;
For though you kill Turks, you're no soldier for me.

P. Come, come, my dear Miss, be complying and good.

J. I hope, good Signor, you don't mean to be rude.

P. There's no one to help you—no creature is near.

J. Yet neither your threats nor your insults I fear.

P. The door first I'll fasten, and then we shall see
If *you* are a match both for love and for *me*.

J. You'll then have no better a chance than before :
For *you* I've no love—there's no bolt to the *door*.

P. Come, come, my dear Miss, be complying and good.

J. I hope, good Signor, you don't mean to be rude.

P. Signorina, *J.* Go, Signor.

P. Abbracciamo, *J.* No, Signor.

P. Cara, cara, *J.* Go, Signor.

P. Abbracciamo, *J.* No, Signor.

The best thing you can do is to hasten away,
Lest now of your crimes you the forfeit should
pay.

P. Come,

P. Come, don't look so angry, but give me a kiss :
When you bless your adorer, you'll share in the
bliss.

SESTETTO.

Mac. Oh, hear ! oh, hear !

Mrs. Bla. Oh, dear ! oh, dear !

Pis. Dear Sir ! I intreat you
Have mercy !—

Mrs. Bla. Have pity !—

L. Hop. No, no, you vile wretch,
Your neck it shall stretch ;
And base woman ! you
Shall rue this day too !

Pis. Oh, *Cielo* ! I am lost,

Mrs. Bla. Oh ! what shall I do ?

Riv. You'll find, to your cost,
Such tricks will not pass.

Mrs. Bla. Alack !

Pis. And alas !

Mac. As sure as a gun,
We're all three undone !—

Mrs. Bla. We'll be hang'd,

Pis. —Or be whipt.

Riv. See that safely they're kept.
For your trouble there's money

Mrs. Bla. Oh ! I'm sure I'll go crazy !

Sbirri. Eh ! viva Padrone !
Vivan gle Inglese !

Mac. Oh, hear ! oh, hear !

Mrs. Bla. Oh, dear ! oh, dear !

FINALE.

Riv. Our *Day at Rome* brought to conclusion,
With cheering plaudits crown our hopes :
To you we sue for absolution :
Your pardon's better than the Pope's.

Jul. With chilling frowns, ah ! do not daunt us,
Nor be too rig'rous in your doom ;
But forty days indulgence grant us,
To pass the carnival at Rome.



THE END.

